

PICTORIAL French Follies

FICTION

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Whom do we cheer for? We cheer for FRENCH FOLLIES and we know whereof we speak. For:

FRENCH FOLLIES is snappier than anything we ever got our hands on at college. It just exudes sophistication. We boys want to know how to treat the mam'selles when we land over on the other side of the big pond and, believe us, we're learning!

The cute actresses and cocottes that race through the stories in this Frenchy magazine are worth studying for. We like their ways and we like their figures.

Speaking of figures, FRENCH FOLLIES would make our math prof dizzy. He couldn't solve the problems by geometry or algebra. But we could, you see, because we've studied FRENCH FOLLIES like a text. Why not take a course, yourself?

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He Was a Man!

B LINDFOLDED? Don't be an ass!" "Model a human figure without the use of one's eyes? Impossible!" Jean Maupin and Pierre Patout made ex-

pressive gestures of dismissal of the idea that had been advanced by André Villon. "The idea is ridiculous!" they exclaimed in unison.



André, in whose studio the three sat over wine-glasses, smiled softly and twirled the ends of his tiny moustache. "Nevertheless I insist that it can be accomplished. Nothing is impossible. Besides, I've tried it myself."

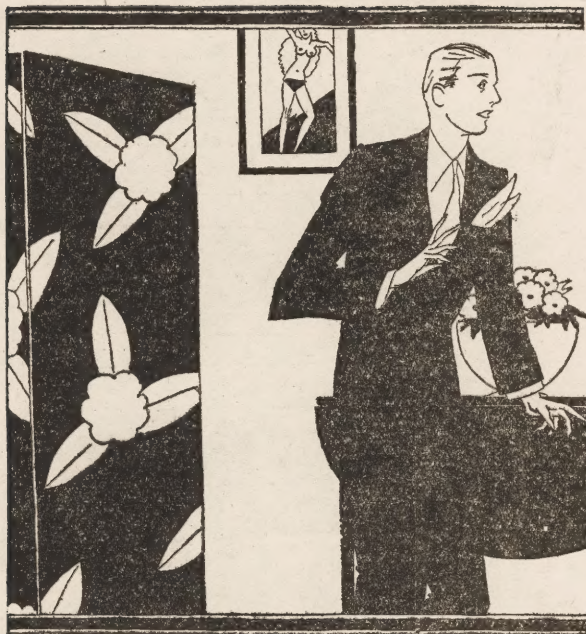
"You must be mad!" Maupin cried vehemently. "As well demand a tenor to sing *O Sole Mio* with his mouth and nose

plugged with wax and cotton!"

"Or command a poet to produce a sonnet while under the influence of chloroform!" put in Patout.

"Yes! Either is as absurd as proposing that a sculptor make a clay model from the life with his eyes bandaged!" Maupin added.

"Oh, it's not as difficult as all that!"



Villon protested with another smile. "See here!"

He rose and threw aside a damp cloth from what had appeared, under its covering, to be a shapeless mass of wet modeling clay.

The two visitors beheld for the first time the well-designed image of a poodle dog, lifelike enough to evoke startled exclamations of praise from the two of them.

"You don't mean to try to make us believe that you accomplished that work while you were blindfolded!" Maupin

grinned. He waited for a reply.

"But I assure you I did that very thing!" Villon answered.

"But how? It sounds like a fairy-tale!" Patout interjected.

"By my sense of touch, idiot!"

"Oh, this is impossible! Surely, André, you will modify your demands!" Patout replied excitedly.

"Absolutely not. You two have been my comrades for years—we have shared everything—our lives, our shelters, even our loves. But now we have come to a place

where this must change. All three of us have attained a certain recognition as sculptors. Then what happens?"

He stopped and glared in mock anger at them. "I'll tell you what happens!" he went on. "For the first time in my life I have found a model who means more to me than a piece of mere posed humanity. Desiree."

"Ah—Desiree!" Patout said almost reverently.

"In my happiness at having found my

ideal, I invited you both to model her, that her graces might be perpetuated by more hands than my own. Then you both proceed to make love to her, until she admits that she doesn't know which of us to favor!" Villon finished.

"We know all that!" Maupin said impatiently.

"Very well. Since Desiree is my discovery, you both admit I have some prior claim upon her affections as well as her services as a model. Hitherto, we three

have shared everything, and now you want me to share Desiree. I refuse! Instead, I propose this contest: the winner to have full and clear track to Desiree's . . . heart, without interference."

"Why the speech? Get down to business!" Patout said wearily.

"The contest, then, is that each of us shall model Desiree while blindfolded, and he who produces the most lifelike statuette is winner. We shall see which of us carries in his mind's eye the clearest picture of the girl we all love."

"What does Desiree herself think of all this?" Patout asked.

A soft, feminine laugh trilled from behind a Japanese screen, and the two visitors turned. A glorious figure stepped into view—red-haired, graceful, adorable. It was Desiree, the model; and she was clad solely in a kimono that was very loosely draped and very carelessly held together with a negligent forefinger.

"Of course I think it is all right!" she said coquettishly. "In fact—André will tell you that it is my own idea!"

Villon nodded.

Maupin put forth an objection. "André has had practice!" he said. "Observe the dog!"

Desiree glanced at the modeled poodle and laughed again, revealing the soft lines of her warm young throat. "We shall postpone the contest for a week, then, while you two practice a little. And then"—she seized a wine-glass and drained it—"to the best man!" She leaped nimbly upon the model's dais, shrugged out of the kimono

and stood revealed in all her youthful, Evesque, vivacious charm. She assumed a pose of luring abandon, the glass outflung.

"Done, then! Agreed!" Patout and Maupin shouted together.

"Then here are the rules," Villon said. "We wait a week until you have had some practice at blindfold modeling. Then we meet here, draw straws to determine which of us shall make the first statuette, and

begin. Each of us will have five sittings. Fallard, the critic, will judge the work. Eh bien?"

"But how shall we know that we have all lived up to the blindfold agreement?" Maupin asked.

"Leave that to me!" Desiree laughed.

"With myself as prize, I'll see that there's fair play."

"Tell me, I beseech you, how does it look?"

Blindfolded and groping, his hands daubed with the modeling clay, Patout, who had drawn the first straw, stood back

from his work and cocked an ear toward where Desiree had been when he had touched her last. Impishly she poked his ribs from the other side, having sneaked around him as he worked, her bare feet making no sound on the carpeted floor of the studio. She drew his head down to her lips and whispered into his ear. "It—it is remarkably like me!"

"You are sure? You mean it? Remember, this is the final sitting—I must put on the finishing touches before I remove the blindfold!"

"We-ell, perhaps the left breast sags a little more than (Continued on page 47)

Mademoiselle d'Armentières

A FLAPPER so dapper, fresh
from France,
Dropped into my studio.
She rolled her pants and did a
dance;
She wasn't a prude, y' know.

"Will you paint a flea upon my
knee?"
She asked with a saucy laugh.
I shrugged and hugged and said:
"Oui, oui!"
Then painted a big giraffe!

By Frank Kline



You
might
call her
a "flower
of the
pave-
ments."



And her a flower
in sorry straits.



She's down to her
last sou.



This
mam'selle
actually
sells.



These do too!!!



This one's losing her
"shine."



And cocotte here is in
her prime.

"I want you to stay for just a little while!" she coaxed.



A FEW days after Glenn Wilder took up his residence on the Alley Etoile and began attending the Ecole des Trois Arts, Bard Humphreys made it a point to stop in and see the young American who was so Paris green.

Humphreys, who did portraits and had been "hung twice" at the Academy, always made it a point to look up anyone from the States when they first arrived in the Latin Quarter. Several times he had helped the newcomer avoid unpleasant, expensive and oftentimes dangerous adventures.

"If I were you," Humphreys said, once Glenn Wilder had made him a drink and handed over his humidor of American cigarettes, "I'd be a little careful of French girls until I sort of learned the ropes."

Wilder, young, handsome and wealthy, glanced across the dim courtyard, separating the building where he lodged from the one that fronted on the Rue Octobre.

"I came here to work. I don't imagine I'll have much time for the ladies."

Humphreys smiled faintly.

"French babies—and particularly those here in the Quarter—are apt to be the least bit tricky," he murmured. "I mean to say, with them black isn't always black or white. They will show you a wonderful time but you don't want to believe them. I merely thought I'd mention this so you wouldn't make any mistakes."

Wilder glanced across the courtyard again.

"That's mighty nice of you, old man. I

A Money Matter

By
JACQUES LA MOND

He found his ideal, his dream girl. But in Paris one cannot be too sure.



appreciate it. Only, as I said before, I don't believe I'll be chasing around with any of these oo-la-la mammas."

After Bard Humphreys had left, Wilder lighted a fresh cigarette and went to the window. Right across the shallow courtyard the waning sunshine painted the sill of the room in which the little, dark-haired girl who had smiled at him lived. Every day for the past fortnight she had put various articles of lingerie on a small pulley line to dry. There were some of them there now, pink, fluffy garments and Wilder, smoking, heard the faint lilt of a cafe chansonette.

Suddenly he discovered that a rather

boisterous breeze had taken one of the articles of lingerie and blown it down in the courtyard. It lay there like a wounded bird, a bright splash of color against worn, gray stones. For a long minute Wilder looked. Then he caught up his hat and went down the stairs.

The thing was a spidery silk chemise, vividly pink and delicately scented. Wilder picked it up and reflected. For some unknown reason an odd sense of excitement possessed him. He couldn't explain it but it seemed as if he was standing before the pearly gates of Paradise that led into an enchanted land of love and passion.

Making his way around to the Rue Oc-

tobre, Wilder asked information of the *concierge* in the building whose rear faced his own. A few minutes thereafter he was knocking on a third floor door, the excitement a glowing fire within him.

"*Voilà! My precious chemise—and the nice young monsieur—he has recovered it! Merci, mon ami!*"

The girl with the lustrous black hair who had smiled across the courtyard at him stood before Glenn Wilder. She was ravishingly pretty and it was apparent that his knock had disturbed her while in the bath. She wore a negligee and nothing else. The volatile scent of perfume crept out, mingling with the aroma of cooking cabbage and her small, bare feet made wet prints on the rug.

"It's nothing," Wilder stammered. "I just saw this—this—thing of yours in the courtyard."

"Please come in," she invited. "You shall be rewarded with a glass of wine. Me? I am dressing to go for dinner but I can talk to you from behind the screen."

Wilder sat down on a lumpy sofa with an excellent glass of wine in his hand. The

girl put on her clothes behind a screen and chatted like an animated magpie. She told him her name was Vivi Bullier, that she was employed in a great hatshop on the

Rue St. Honore but that there was a strike and for two weeks there had been no work.

The screen was semi-transparent, the wine had a kick to it and Wilder's mind grew crowded with exotic ideas.

"Couldn't you come and have supper with me?" he inquired. "I'll take you any place you say."

She looked over the top of the screen, her graceful white arms glimmering like ivory in the shadows.

"That would be nice. You say you will take me any place I want? My good friend, there is only one place in Paris where I

care to dine. That is Carl Hesser's on the Avenue Monette."

"Very well, we will go there. You—you don't happen to be married or anything?" Wilder ventured.

Her laughter was like silver music.

"Married? That is so funny. To be married and to make hats, hats, hats! *Non monsieur, I am not married. Why?*"



Her lovely slim curves were bewitching in the moonlight.

Wilder's glance was eagerly ardent.

"Because," he replied, "I wouldn't want your husband coming after me with a gun and I intend to see a lot of you!"

The restaurant was tucked away on one of the broad thoroughfares in the Montparnesse district. Outside of the handsome blonde waiter who served them, Wilder didn't see anything particularly hot about the place. The waiter was tall, slim and looked like a Prussian cavalry officer. Vivi, feasting on snails, called him Louis.

What Wilder ordered was quite elaborate. Consuming it gave him plenty of time to consider his companion. The more he looked at Vivi the better he liked what he saw. She was slender, deliciously curved instead of being bumpy and her skin, far from swarthy, was like creamy alabaster.

Her black eyes were filled with dancing fire, her parted lips were like two delightful roses and her vivacity resembled a bar of music. Wilder thought to himself that even back home there was no girl quite so charming and lovable as Vivi Bullier.

After they had dined he suggested a cinema. The photoplay house was presenting an American picture featuring Lois Moran and Nick Stuart. The picture talked and sang. Wilder hardly heard it. In the gloom of the place he had his arm about Vivi's soft, yielding figure and she seemed content for him to leave it there. He brushed her dark hair with his lips and just before the lights came on to end both performances, his kiss found a resting place in the warm curve of her neck.

"You are such a funny boy!" she smiled.

Wilder wanted to go to a night resort where there would be dancing and gaiety. It would be pleasant to have Vivi in his

arms while jazz music played. It was only a little after eleven o'clock. Paris was waking up for another night of gay and reckless pleasure.

When he suggested it, Vivi, hanging on his arm, shook her dark head.

"But no. Some other time. Me? M'sieu, I'm in no mood for gaiety tonight. You would not be either if you had not worked for two weeks and if you needed so much money."

"Do you need money, Vivi?"

She looked up at him solemnly.

"Two hundred dollars, my friend. A fortune!"

Wilder pressed her arm.

"What do you need two hundred dollars for?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"That is a secret. But I do need it—so much. I shall not be happy until I get it, until the strike is over and I go back to work and save it. You see?"

They had reached the house on the Rue Octobre. A round, white moon filled the street with its silver glow. At the corner cafe, a favorite rendezvous with Latin Quarter art students, there was song and merriment. Wilder felt that the last place he wanted to go was home.

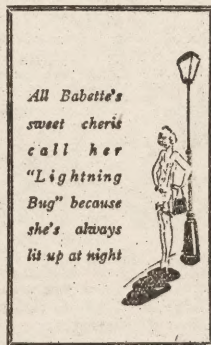
"Are you really going to say good-night and leave me, Vivi?"

She made her gaze level with his.

"I am afraid so. Tomorrow I must get up early and see if I can find temporary employment."

Wilder, struck by a sudden idea, caught her hand. It was warm, small and soft.

"Look here," he said seriously. "I can fix it so you get that two hundred dollars you need so badly,



Her red lips parted, showing the pearly line of her teeth.

"Monsieur! You are serious?"

"Never more."

"But how?"

Wilder nodded toward the dim doorway. "Let's go upstairs. I'll explain then. It's simply a question of mathematics, arithmetic."

Her hand in his guided him up the steep steps. The taint of cabbage still lingered but Wilder caught only the fragrance of her polished hair. She made a light in the small room where he had sat earlier and took one of his cigarettes. Expectancy tinted her cheeks with a delicate flush.

"Tell me!" she pleaded, close beside him on the sofa.

Wilder looked deep into dark, shining eyes.

"Well, it's like this. You want two hundred dollars and I *don't* want to go home. I'm just in the humor for whoopee, as they call it back home on Broadway. So if you meet me halfway we can probably strike an even balance. In other words, I'll buy your time at so much an hour."

She thought that over pensively.

"How much an hour?"

Wilder calculated. It was twelve o'clock. Eight hours at twenty-five dollars per hour figured out to be two hundred dollars exactly. He told her the result of his ciphering and watched the dreamy expression on her piquantly pretty face.

"Eight hours! And you will really give me the two hundred dollars?"

In reply Wilder produced his well-filled wallet. He showed her the amount in French currency, his pulses throbbing.

"Is it a bargain?"

She jumped up suddenly.

"*Mais oui!* What do we do first?"

Wilder chuckled under his breath.

"First, I'll go into the street and get a taxi. Then we will go across the river to Montmartre. We will pick out the gayest place. We will dance, dine and drink champagne. And then, when it is almost

dawn and the revelry is over, we will come back here. Is that satisfactory?"

She clapped her hands vivaciously.

"It is wonderful!"

"But you said you were in no mood for hilarity," Wilder reminded her.

"That," she smiled, "was before we reached our bargain, monsieur!"

To Wilder that one Paris night was enchanted. Montmartre. The Moulin Rouge. A negro jazz band that played American hits. Hissing, straw-colored champagne. The black eyes and red lips of Vivi and the way he made love to her to the accompaniment of haunting music.

It was a marvelous night and Glenn Wilder's mind surged with errant fancies and thoughts. He told himself that Bard Humphreys was a good guy but all wet. The French babies might be gold-diggers and doublecrossers but his hot little Vivi did not belong in that class. Vivi was on the level and this one night, he vowed, would be the first of many nights when they played Paris and took away its singing pleasures.

The haggard dawn was over the tall steeple of the Eiffel Tower when Wilder and Vivi Bullier left Montmartre. A taxi took them down to the city, across the sluggish Seine and back to the Rue Octobre.

Like two conspirators they mounted the creaking stairs. Her hand holding the key to her door, was unsteady. So Wilder took the key and had a job finding the keyhole himself. When he finally managed it they went into the front room. Again Vivi lighted a lamp and stood before him, radiant, flushed and charming.

"M'sieu, it is six o'clock. You have only two hours left. You see?"

"I see," Wilder murmured throatily, "the most beautiful girl in all the world! Vivi, I'm in love with you! Tonight I've gone and fallen hard for you. You're my little French baby and I'm crazy about you!"

"You are so nice yourself!" she murmured, winding her rounded arms about his neck. (Continued on page 41)

Smile, Smile, Smile!

André: "She'd make a spiffy wife for any man."

Léon: "But that isn't the kind I want."

* * *

First Playboy: "So you've broken with Mimi. Aren't you afraid she'll take it to heart?"

Second Ditto: "Now, but I'm afraid she'll take it to court."

* * *

CHARY CHARLES ADVISES MEN NOT TO SHOOT AT TOMCATS BECAUSE SOME DAY THEY MAY BE IN THE SAME POSITION THEMSELVES.



Rudi: "Let's play house, *mamselle*."

Babi: "Stupid, that's only a child's game."

Rudi: "Not when you play with me, *cherie*."



La Fille: "Now that you've kissed me, can you tell me whether I'm going to pass your course?"

Le Professeur: "Can't possibly pass you. I need you in my class next term."

* * *

"Now he rocks the cradle," sighed Marie, "but I remember when he used to turn out the parlor lights."

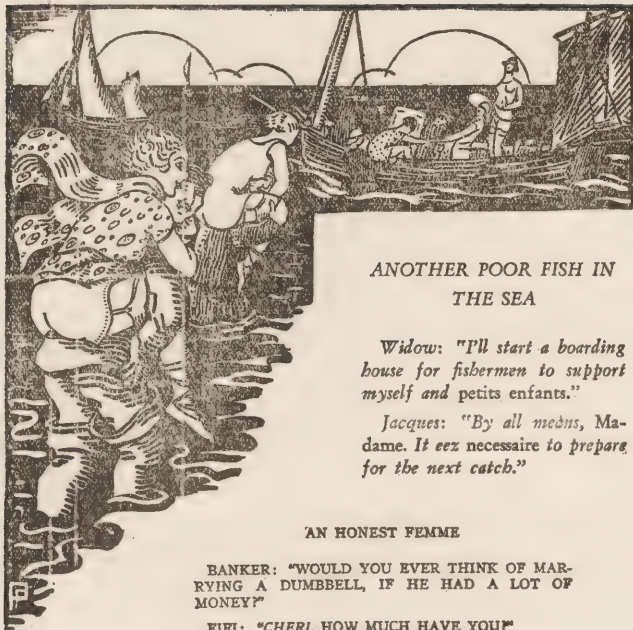
* * *

PHILIPPE, THE PHOTOGRAPHER, WILL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT MANY A NEGATIVE GIRL HAS BEEN DEVELOPED IN A DARK ROOM.

* * *

First Virgin: "Do you cross your legs when you sit down?"

Second Ditto: "Oui, Modesty demands it now-a-days."



ANOTHER POOR FISH IN THE SEA

Widow: "I'll start a boarding house for fishermen to support myself and petits enfants."

Jacques: "By all means, Madame. It eez necessaire to prepare for the next catch."

AN HONEST FEMME

BANKER: "WOULD YOU EVER THINK OF MARRYING A DUMBBELL, IF HE HAD A LOT OF MONEY?"

FIFI: "CHERI, HOW MUCH HAVE YOU?"

OH MAMANI

La Mère: "You should have walked home from that auto ride with Maurice, Nina."

Nine: "Maman, I couldn't. We went too far."

* * *

STRAW VOTE

First Husband: "Which man took home the aul-a-hula dancer last night?"

Second Husband: "I did. I drew straws for her."

CLINGING SPINES

Fifi: "Why do they call you and Georges the Siamese twins?"

Mimi: "Because we're stuck on each other."

* * *

NO CAN DO

Fleurette: "Is your husband still working for the wine-seller?"

Rosette: "Non, non. He got the air for staying after hours to take stock."

Mimi Goes Through Her Paces!



Here's How — — —

MIMI had been a gay cocotte. Many had been her lovers and various. Now she was settling down with a sturdy German. He loved Mimi passionately but the wise Mimi had had enough of passion. Her mind's eye pictured a rural German home with Hans' dancing attendance and little ones climbing her knee. Such a pretty picture but alas Hans' family were coming this very day to give her, "the once-over" and she was terrified lest they dissuade Hans from making an honest "frau" of her. Then a bright idea came to Mimi and she took—

juice of one lemon
juice of one orange
one glass port wine

one-half cocktail glass grenadine
two glasses gin
white of one egg.

She shook this well and served it to her stiff and severe company. They didn't unbend at once because one can hardly feel the kick this drink swallows so easily. When the egg white began to get acquainted with the *poisson* they looked at Mimi through love-filled eyes and besought her for another and yet another sample. Of course Mimi made the grade and we presume Hans did too. If you've a much dreaded visit in store try Mimi's concoction.

AT LAST what might be termed the pests' "Journey's End" has been discovered. You may apply this to an over-zealous husband, a jealous lover, a suspicious wife or a suspecting sweetie. It will give them illusions as to your goodness of character and presence of mind. It will assure them not only of your fidelity but of your burning desire to please. Don't get us wrong. While "Journey's End" does all this and more to them it also insures you against further annoyance and you can go your wayward way in peace. Take our warning though and don't sample this recipe as you go along. It's powerful strong and may put you where you won't want to go a-straying.

one-quarter glass grape juice
one-quarter glass lemon juice

one-quarter glass orange juice
two glasses scotch

Pour into a cocktail shaker and add ice. Agitate plenty and increase your own tempo therewith. Sample very, very carefully and add powdered sugar to sweeten. This may sound quite simple but the effect of the grapes, oranges and lemons to say nothing of the scotch getting all shook up together is something tremendous. It seems as though these ingredients get into a huddle and become hot and bothered. They attempt to vent their feelings on each other without getting all mixed up. However repeated agitation breaks down the walls of resistance with the resulting sweet, delightful, mild mixture with a faintly sour twang.





*"Pit-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
I'm making a Daddy as fast as I can!"*



*This is the original blonde that every man
has preferred from Adam on*



Shadowy skin, eyes and hair, combined with a richly embroidered shawl make this study very reminiscent of "Sunny Spain"





*Mademoiselle's debonair manner is telling you she
knows all the best beds in Europe*





*"Just like a toy
Children enjoy;
Loved and then thrown away!"*



*What is this little peach doing among
the grape vines?*





*"Now this is the point, Madamè. Will
you come across?"*



The sharp lines of the flung scarf afford an interesting contrast with the symmetrical curves of the model





*Heard on the Riviera:
"Is my suit too long?"*





*Mademoiselle has discovered that a pink silk teddy
and a .38 calibre can put to shame Dan
Cupid's sharpest arrows*



*Some skirts have a way of rising
with the temperature!*

Chuck That Chuckle!



Sherry: "A penny for your thoughts, big boy."

Jerry: "Watte yuh take me for—a slot machine?"

"The fellow who called this petting," crooned Pedro to his cute model, "was way above me."

■ ■ ■

Nurse: "Monsieur, guess whom the baby resembles most."

Alarmed Papa: "Mon Dieu! Must I guess that?"

■ ■ ■

Rudi: "Your lipstick is coming off."

Joli: "Why, it certainly is not!"

Rudi: "Listen, petite. When I get as near to a mamselle as I am to you now, her lipstick is coming off!"

Jean: "Do you believe in trial marriages?"

Babette: "Well, my marriage has been a trial"

■ ■ ■

Maurice: "I'm off the straight and narrow."

Paul: "You didn't rob a bank?"

Maurice: "No, I'm looking for a head."



Nothing But Thrills

By CLIFF CARRUTH

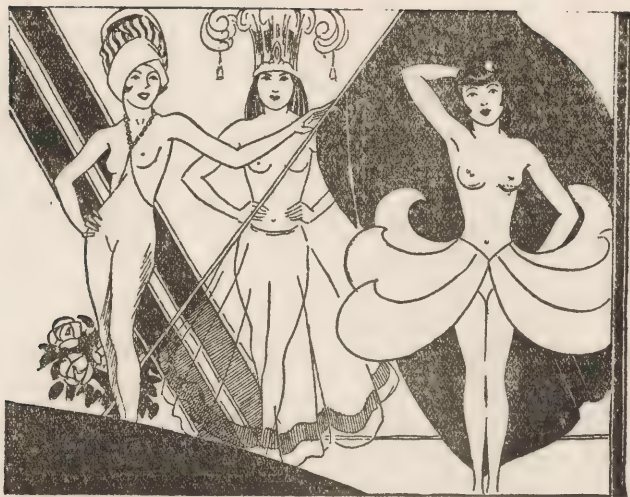
THE STORY SO FAR:

Patty Allen, a peppy American girl in Paris, does not like her thrills in the form of stout, annoying Frenchmen who follow her. Escaping such a person, Patty encounters Andy Boyd, an old admirer.

She makes a date with Andy for that night after he mentions a Persian Prince, Alla Bey, who is in Paris to procure girls

for his harem. Patty goes back to her hotel and while taking a bath the room is invaded by the stout Frenchman who had followed her. He turns out to be Monsieur Félix Garand, who wants to give Patty a contract for his revue at the Moulin Noir.

She accepts when she learns the revue is to entertain Alla Bey at his St. Cloud villa. Later, Andy Boyd tells Patty he has learned that Garand is employed by the Persian to



*An American girl's experiences in the land where
everything goes!*

*find pretty, shapely girls for the harem.
Patty sees she is in for a lot of thrills.*

IT WAS ten o'clock when Patty's taxi drew up before the flamboyant portals of the Moulin Noir. She went in, after conversation with the custodian of the doorway, and found herself in a huge place where there were many tables and chairs fronting a stage upon which the vaudeville

show went on while the customers dined, drank and waxed merry.

"I guess you must be the little lady Felix was following all over Paris," a voice said beside Patty. "Miss Allen, isn't it? I'm Harry Brownell, Garand's interpreter and press-agent. Glad to know you. Say, I'm surprised at a girl of your type crashing the gates here. You don't belong in this corn and callous opera. You look vir-

tuous and all that goes along."

Patty smiled demurely.

"Thanks for the compliment. I am—if that's any satisfaction."

Brownell shook his head.

"And Felix picked you for the tableau, the Cleopatra Love Barge scene. Oh, well, what's the use trying to figure the dames? Once they're stage struck you can't pry 'em away from the racket. Come on, I'll tell Felix you're here and exchange languages."

With her blue eyes inquisitive, Patty touched his arm impulsively.

"Tell me something. Is—is this work I'm going to do very dangerous?"

Brownell smiled faintly.

"It all depends. Is showing your shape dangerous? What the devil! Come on, meet the boss."

Garand was in his office back of the stage. Patty learned her job in the revue was a simple one. All she had to do was pose in a colorful Egyptian scene. For this she was to receive a certain number of francs every week. The costumes were not quite ready so she posed with other girls in her street clothes while they wore their own.

Then Garand through Brownell told her when to appear at the music hall again and Patty left to emerge into the yellow Paris sunshine and meet Andy Boyd at the Hotel International. She didn't tell him where she had been.

Boyd gave her a choice. The races at Auteuil, the Park at Buttes-Chaumont, Versailles or a sail down the Seine. Patty considered and finally picked the park. They took a taxi at the Place d'Anvers, had luncheon together and went up to the Belvedere, looking down at the magnificent panorama below.

Alone there, where the woodlands ended and the sun unrolled a golden carpet they sat down on a flat, huge rock. It was warm and pleasant. Boyd, as usual, began to make love to her immediately. There was passion and fire in his gaze, a pleading note in his low, vibrant voice.

"Patty, ever since I can remember my trouble has been you. You're my hope, worry and despair. Look! Why don't you say O. K., peg a wedding and honeymoon back to New York with me? You have no idea what a thrill I'll turn out to be!"

She looked up at him solemnly.

"You are a sweet boy, Andy. But ever so silly. Don't you know people don't get married in Paris? I mean, Americans. Paris is where they come to get unmarried."

"Don't kid! I love you so much. Like this, Patty—"

His arms went about her and drew her to him. She wanted to resist but she was afraid to struggle. The rock was so high and there was nothing about them except thin, empty air. So she let Boyd kiss her with despairing abandon, wondering if his kisses and lovemaking would have aroused her more had not the expectancy of meeting Alla Bey filled her so completely.

As it was she allowed his fervent kisses and mad squeezing until some sightseers came along and ended the episode.

"I'm not going to give you up!" Boyd vowed in a strained tone. "I'm a trying fool! Patty, you've got to be mine!"

"What a husband you'd make!" she smiled. "Just like an architect I'd have your black and blue prints all over me!"

Boyd leaned closer.

"Make a date for Thursday night and let me convince you that I'm one man in a million."

"Thursday night?" Patty's pulses throbbed. "Oh, not that night. I expect to be busy."

"Shopping?"

"Perhaps," she answered enigmatically.

With that Boyd had to be content. Long after he had gone Patty remembered the airy rock, his arms about her and his hot, passionate kisses. Could it be possible she was falling for Andy? Was it a fact that here in Paris, face to face with the thrills she always sought, she was losing her heart to a youth she had known all of her life back home?



Suddenly the curtain parted and Alla Bey swept her with his burning gaze!

Resolutely she tried to dismiss the idea of Boyd but it lingered over until late that Thursday afternoon. Then, Patty at the Moulin Noir, waited while several Renault motor cars together with a bus took the company of Monsieur Garand out to St. Cloud and the Villa Iraz, rented by the young Persian Prince, Alla Bey.

Patty found herself beside Harry Brownell in one of the Renaults. He lighted a cigarette for her and chuckled

when the car moved off sumptuously.

"Just like a funeral, eh? I hope it won't be yours, girlie."

"You're a cheerful soul, aren't you? Always looking on the bright side of things, Always the busy little optimist."

The caravan had left Paris with its boulevards and incandescent display. They were on a straight road that led to the suburbs. Patty divided her time between

thinking about the Villa Iraz, the kind of harems they have in Persia and Andy Boyd.

She stared steadfastly ahead through the dark. When they finally reached St. Cloud toward nine o'clock anticipation was like a sharp bright sword that stabbed her through and through.

The Villa Iraz, a huge, rambling structure that had been a chateau in the days of the last Empire, was set in a charming park. A high wall surrounded the property. The cars went through tall bronze gates and after a few minutes' ride up a curving driveway, Patty found herself in a large second floor room with the eight other girls who were part of the tableau pageant.

They were a common type of French girl, former *cocottes*, *grisettes*, *vivandières* and pleasure girls. There were none of them as pretty as Patty and they seemed to resent her fresh, lovely presence among them.

From far away Patty heard the beat of an orchestra. A full hour elapsed before Monsieur Garand and Harry Brownell walked into the room. By that time the French girls had disrobed and were picturesque in scanty lingerie. Garand laid down a huge valise, rattled off some hissing French and gestured to Patty.

Brownell approached her.

"Come on, baby. Snap into it. Your act goes on in twenty minutes."

"What do I do?" Patty inquired.

"Strip, get your clothes off. Your costume is in the grip. Grip is good—isn't that another name for influenza? Believe me, you'll get plenty of it in this rig. Go ahead, imitate a banana and peel while I dig out the chiffon and beads."

Patty purposely took her time in disrobing so that both men would be out of the room when she put on the costume that Brownell draped over the back of the chair before her. Garand and the press-agent withdrew finally leaving her to gasp at what she was to wear.

The garb seemed nothing more than a fragile lace curtain that would have gone

big in any front parlor window. With it went an elaborate feathered headdress and a string of crystal beads. Patty, donning the costume, remembered an old adage about half revealed charms being more enticing than complete exposure. As it was, she saw she had fared rather well.

Some of the other girls had drawn nothing save beads and headdresses! In Paris it evidently was not the fashion to cover rounded, pink-tipped breasts.

"All ready, ladies!" Brownell said suddenly from the doorway. "Come along, Miss Allen. You've two minutes to go on. And remember, everybody. Pose as you've never posed before!"

Across a broad corridor, down a spiral staircase and up some more steps to a tiny stage where colored lights swooned behind a lowered velvet curtain. A property barge, made of canvas and cardboard, graced the center of the stage. The stout Garand silently assigned the girls to their places with much gesturing and sibilant hissing. Spotlights beat down upon them, rear and border lights were dimmed and Garand snapped his fingers.

"Now!" he said in French.

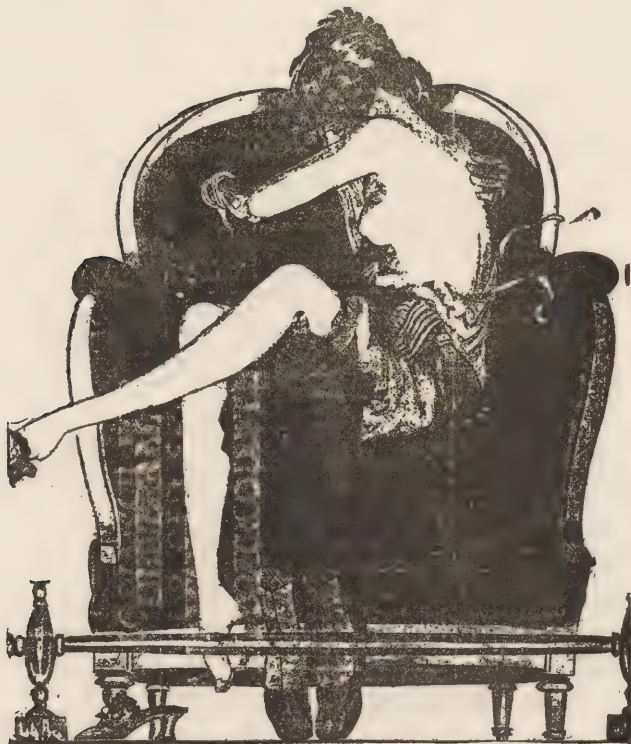
The orchestra played a dreamy, sensuous waltz. The curtain parted in the middle and Patty, languidly posing in the bow of the boat, looked out over the footlights with high and eager interest.

The little stage was at one end of an ornamental, spacious ballroom in the villa. Lightless crystal chandeliers hung like gigantic stalactites from an arched ceiling. The walls were panelled entirely in golden brocade and decorated with charming pastoral scenes. Patty noticed these things last for her curious gaze focused immediately upon the audience.

This audience consisted of one person. The instant she saw him Patty knew she was looking at Prince Alla Bey, the millionaire Persian who had rented the villa and come to Paris on a secret mission of his own.

(Continued on page 42)

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Alla Bey lounged in a huge, high-backed chair that was like a throne. It was set where ordinarily the second orchestra row would be. He was all in white, in his flowing native garments and he affected the turban of the photograph in the *Paris Herald* with its gleaming jewel. There was just enough light from the stage for Patty to see him fully. He was swarthy, lean, young and not unattractive in his dark, distinguished way. Other jewels were on his fingers and even his pointed slippers held massive buckles encrusted with diamonds and rubies.

Alla Bey sat motionless, as if bored by the spectacle he viewed. Only his dark, liquid eyes were alive and alert. They wandered over the eight girls who posed on Cleopatra's Love Barge. With a sharp, tingling thrill Patty beheld the Persian's glance move to and fasten upon herself.

As they did so Alla Bey moved. He leaned quickly forward, staring at her with an intent gaze. Slowly, a smile began to haunt his lips and his eyes narrowed craftily. Patty had time only to draw a deep, uncertain breath. The next minute the velvet curtains fell back in place and the tableau was over.

Monsieur Grand clapped his hands, indicating the steps and the stairway beyond. As Patty went through the wings Harry Brownell touched her arm, speaking in a low, rapid voice.

"Take a tip from me and get dressed as quick as you can! Wait outside in the car until it's time to go back to Paris! Keep your head down, baby—"

A man in Oriental costume had come in from the ballroom and was speaking to Monsieur Garand. Harry Brownell had disappeared. Patty, his warning sharp in mind, turned to cross to the spiral stairs. Garand, as she took a first step, reached out and stayed her progress with one of his fat, warmly moist hands.

"Wait!" he ordered, in his broken, uncertain English. "This man. You go with him! You go with this man!"

The one in the Oriental costume bowed before Patty.

"Mademoiselle will follow me."

Patty hesitated dubiously. It was all transparently clear. The servant had been sent by Alla Bey to bring her to him. The thrills she had expected were only a matter of minutes away now.

She asked herself what she could do. What should she do? To follow meant courting danger recklessly. Better, she counselled herself, to make a break and get out of the villa while the getting was good. The hand of the servant clamping itself tightly about her wrist ended her debate.

"Mademoiselle will come with me," he repeated politely.

"Go! Go! Hurry!" Garand barked.

As if in a dream Patty found herself being conducted down a rug-strewn corridor. She was ushered into a chamber.

"Mademoiselle," the first servant informed her, "will wait."

He bowed himself out and Patty drank in her surroundings. The walls were hung with Oriental silks. Crossed spears stood in one corner of the room. In the center a magnificent couch was covered with the skin of some wild animal while the ceiling had been arranged so that stars glittered with a cold, crystal light.

Patty felt her doubts grow. It was all too sumptuous to be satisfying. She stood there in the artificial starlight for a long interval. Finally footsteps outside, a musical voice speaking some strange language aroused and lifted her lowered head. Another minute elapsed before the door opened.

Alla Bey entered, paused to sweep her with another burning glance, and then crossed to her.

Behind him the door shut softly.

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POURQUOI NON?

Yvette: "Mine hands it to me right from the
shoulder."

Susette: "Why doesn't he start in at the hip
some time?"

* * *



A MONEY MATTER

(Continued from page 14)

Wilder crushed her fiercely to him. He drank in her passionate kisses and found them more thrilling than champagne. Madness possessed him.

"You do love me? And you do play fair? You're not like these French dolls I've been warned against! Vivi, this one night will not be the last. Promise me that!"

Her breath on his face was like a warm zephyr.

"I promise! You shall be my sweetheart,
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With a breath Wilder unhooked her dress and carried her into the bedroom beyond . . .

Two days later Glenn Wilder, looking across the courtyard, discovered Vivi's room was vacant. Almost at the same moment there came a knock on the door and Bard Humphreys sauntered in.

"I was just passing and I thought I'd look in and say hello. How goes everything?"

With an effort Wilder moved his anxious gaze away from the courtyard.

"Fair enough."

Humphreys nodded, glancing at his watch.

"I'm just on my way to attend a wedding. One of the boys who studied with me at the Beaux Arts. Chap by the name of Louis Joubert. He's quite an artist but he's been acting as a waiter at Carl Hesser's place to help out. You see, he had an agreement with the girl he's marrying today."

Wilder, feeling something sink within him, nodded.

"What kind of an agreement?"

Humphreys chuckled.

"Well, they decided to marry when each had saved a certain amount. Little Vivi—that's the bride's name—was two hundred bucks short the last time I saw her. This wedding news was quite a surprise. She must have come into a legacy."

Glenn Wilder laughed.

"Either that or found a sucker!"

Humphreys shook his head slowly.

"Oh, no, not that. Little Vivi," he stated, "is about the only one of these French babies who is absolutely on the level. Guess I'll be going. And speaking of women reminds me. I hope you haven't forgotten my warning, old man."

Wilder glanced once more across the shallow courtyard. Then he stood and followed his caller to the door.

"No, I haven't. Er—do me a favor," he requested. "Give the bride my regards!"

HE WAS A MAN!

(Continued from page 8)

it should... or perhaps I am egotistical?"

"Non, non!" Patout exclaimed with fervor. "You are like some maiden Diana! You are firm and beautiful! You have no sagging curves! Here—let me change it—stand still a moment while I... get the feel of that curve... there! Hold it, please! Now—I!"

Swiftly his left hand pinched and patted the plastic clay of the statuette, while his right gropingly explored and traversed the curving, modeled perfection of the girl's bare breast. At last he had finished. "How is it now?" he asked.

"It is myself to the life!" cried Desiree, whipping the blindfold from his eyes. "You deserve a kiss for working so hard!" And she pecked him lightly on the cheek, then ran away from his extended grasp. From behind a screen she hummed a little tune. He could hear the silken rustle of her clothing as she donned street attire.

"You must go so soon?" he asked gloomily.

"Yes. Remember, Maupin is biting his fingers waiting to begin! I must fly to him! *Voilà!*"

It was four days later. Maupin and Patout were in the former's studio. Maupin had drawn the second straw, and had been the second to complete his blindfold task.

Patout stood admiringly before the finished statuette of Desiree which Maupin had made. "Wonderful, *mon ami!*" he cried. "It is far better than mine! You will win—I know it! Villon cannot surpass this!"

"He sent word that he will complete his effort tomorrow," Maupin said.

"Then we shall see!" Patout said nervously. "Oh—er, by the way—did you have any—er—difficulty in modeling with your eyes bandaged?"

Maupin grinned. "Not as much as I had anticipated. Desiree was a dear. She aided me tremendously. Had it not been for her

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"Ah, oui! But you excite me, *mon ami*! It is impossible for me to permit my mind to dwell on such ecstasy! Come—a glass of wine!"

"To success!" said Patout.

"To the best man!" echoed Maupin.

There was a knock at the door.

Maupin answered. It was the *concierge*. He had a *petit-bleu* for Maupin. The latter accepted it, tore it open and read it swiftly. Then—

"Patout! Look! Here, quickly!"

"What is it?"

"It is from Villon! Look—he bids us come at once to his studio! He says he has finished ahead of schedule!"

"Finished so soon? Impossible!"

"But he says so here! Come, let us go at once!"

Villon's studio was empty, deserted, when they arrived and entered. Conspicuous in the center of the *atelier*, immediately under the great skylight of the studio, stood a pedestal. Upon the pedestal was something that seemed formless and shapeless under a large damp cloth. Pinned to the cloth was a large placard which, in large handwritten script, said: "THIS WINS!"

Patout looked at Maupin. Maupin stared back at Patout. Then, together they dashed for the pedestal and stripped away the cloth . . .

There stood revealed a half-completed, half-shaped daub of wet clay, bearing just barely the semblance of a nude female form.

Together Maupin and Patout exclaimed. They sputtered. They protested.

"But—but—how can he say this wins?" Maupin bellowed.

"Why—it's nothing but an incomplete splotch!" Patout shouted.

"And what of Farrand, the critic? Was he not to judge?"

Again they stared angrily at the modeling clay on the pedestal. There was an envelope stuck in its base. Patout saw it first, and snatched at it like a hungry man for a crust.

"What is that?" Maupin demanded.

Patout tried to open the envelope, but his fingers trembled so that he dropped it. Maupin picked it up. "It is addressed to us both—and in André's hand!" he cried.

"Open it!" Patout demanded.

Maupin tore open the envelope. Together the two men read the missive:

My dear friends: Please forgive me! By the time your eyes gaze on this, Desiree and I will be on our way to Nice, together. I have won the contest. Desiree explains. Adieu for a while. André.

"What does he mean, Desiree explains?" Maupin grunted disgustedly.

Patout pointed. "There is something on the other side of the paper!"

They turned the letter over. There was a message in Desiree's scrawl:

Sweet two: André wins me. Forgive me for stooping to such a trick, but I had to know—to discover which of you three could thrill me most. Did you really believe it was your talent I sought? Ah, no! The contest was my way of finding out which of you three had the greatest power to kindle in my breast the spark of love! You each had your chance . . . blindfolded, your fingers explored every inch of me. I knew I could not remain . . . a mere model . . . if the man who did that were the man I loved! Each of you two was an artist—but André was a man! And while your hands groped over me and made statuettes . . . André groped over me and made—love!

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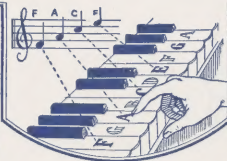
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